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NATIONAL 4-H CLUB CAMP, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Volume 2

June 16, 1939

Number 2

HAIL! HAIL! THE GANG'S ALL HERE -

The Thirteenth National 4-H Club Camp was formally opened by Director C. W. Warburton, chairman and camp director, at an open campfire meeting held on the edge of "tent city." It was an impressive ceremony indeed, as the delegates gathered around in a circle; and in the semidarkness the flames of the cheerful campfire played upon their faces and seemed to instill in them thoughts of Leadership - the camp theme for this week. Towering up into the starlit sky, the Washington Monument gleamed seemingly a silent guardian of the camp.

Director Warburton extended to us his cordial greetings and officially welcomed us to the Capital of the Nation. "This camp is to be most important to everyone because of the vital theme Leadership with which it is concerned," said Dr. Warburton.

R. A. Turner, assistant camp director, was then introduced, and in his outline of the traditions, objectives, and plans of the camp, he strongly urged that all delegates be continually conscious of being responsible and responsive at all times.

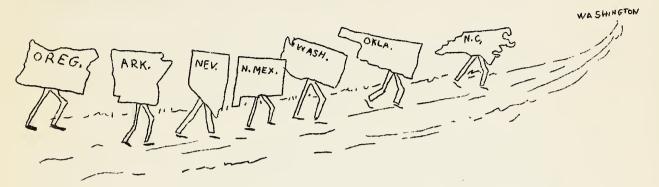
Delegations from 43 States and Puerto Rico were introduced by their respective leaders.

The 1939 National 4-H Club Camp Committee members were introduced also, among them Miss Ella Gardner, in charge of evening programs and all recreation, who led the assembly in a round and several inspiring songs. Also introduced to the delegation were Miss Gertrude L. Warren, assistant camp director; Miss Madge Reese, in charge of radio programs, and various other members of the committee who will care for the comfort and convenience of the weeks' camp.

The ceremonies convened with a closing song, then the delegates took time to become acquainted until taps were sounded.

Emil a. Killosa

Emil A. Kielbasa Delaware ENROUTE TO CAMP



June 5.

After months of hoping, weeks of planning, and days of waiting, Mother, Marjorie, and I are actually on our way this fifth day of June, the time of starting being 9:10 p. m.

We boarded the train and off again twice before we actually got started. Mr. Kuehner, county club agent, asked me to write a letter about what is happening at the camp at Washington and to give his regards to the President. (As though I'd have the slightest chance.)

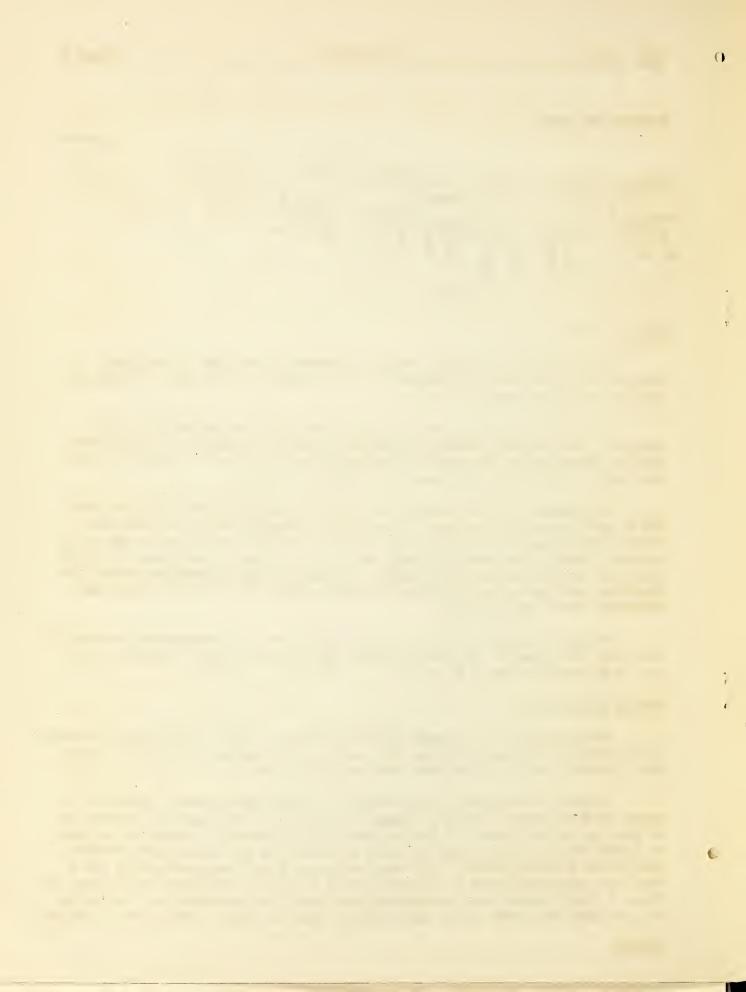
At exactly 9:10 we boarded the Cascade, and the first thing we did was to ask the porter to make up our berths, because all of us were dead tired after a day of excitement and packing and there wasn't anything to do anyway. When we got ready for bed and tried to close my suitcase the crazy thing was so full it wouldn't close, and Marjorie and I wrestled around the dressing room for several minutes; in fact we had to sit on it before we persuaded it to "go closed."

When we finally settled in bed to sleep we both discovered we weren't the least bit sleepy. We talked awhile and the last time I remember looking at my watch it was 2 a. m.

June 6 - 5:30 a. m.

Both Marjorie and I awoke at the same time, 5:30. We lay awake awhile and finally decided we might as well get up - and anyway I wanted to repack that 'darned' suitcase that had been worrying me so.

Between us we decided we wouldn't ring for the porter's ladder because he would surely think us crazy or "teched" in the head for getting up at such an ungodly hour, so feeling very sure of myself I proceeded to show my berth-mate the proper way to lower oneself from the upper berth without the aid of a black friend. All went well, and I got down gracefully (as a cow) but immediately had to flatten myself so that a conductor could pass me. Well, I didn't have time to warn Marjorie about the conductor so, following me, she shot her feet out of the curtains just in time to catch the conductor



under the nose. Was he surprised! Really everyone was surprised! The conductor begged our pardon, as though it was his fault, and left the pullman. Maybe we didn't feel funny!

Coming from the West, naturally we felt it our duty to see the San Francisco World's Fair before we saw the one in New York City, so we spent the remainder of the day there. After 10:30 we took our sore necks, aching shoulders, tired feet, chapped lips and sadly wilted gardenia corsages across the San Francisco Bay again into San Francisco.

The air was warm and the water calm; the whole trip perfect. Seeing the lighted island in the dimming distance, we seemed almost to be leaving a wonderful fairyland—and going back to reality. In the hotel we were three tired but happy people anxious for bed, but thrilled to death with our visit to Treasure Island, the man-made marvel of all time — a beautiful and matchless spectacle.

Right now I'm dead on my feet and it's 12:30--time for light's out!

June 7 - 6:30 a. m.

It's not quite as early this morning and I bet before the trip is over we will not be wanting to be up at all.

Today we shopped in San Francisco in the morning; and Mother and Marjorie went to the fair again, but I had to broadcast over the radio and didn't go to the island today. I met some famous NBC radio stars and received some good advice on "How to get in radio."

Because I wanted to visit San Jose, I left Frisco early but joined the others on the train in the evening, when we started on the second lap of our journey.

June 8 - 7 a. m.

Sure enough, each day we rise a bit later. From the lounge car we heard the broadcast of the arrival of the King and Queen of England in Washington, D. C. and President and Mrs. Roosevelt's reception. We thought how grand it would be if we could have seen the King and Queen, but were thankful we even were enroute to Washington.

We arrived in Los Angeles at 9 and spent the day seeing very interesting things including the homes of such famous movie stars as Shirley Temple, Clark Gable, Ginger Rogers, etc. We saw the Brown Derby, the Trocadero, and RKO and Warner Brothers movie studios.

Left Los Angeles at 8:10 headed for El Paso, Tex., and after writing some letters home, turned in.

June 9 - 8:45 a. m.

During the night we had passed through a time zone, so we got up at 7:45 (actually it turned out to be nearer 9).

This is the first day we have spent on the train; before we have done night traveling. Today we left California and entered Arizona and heat. We arrived at El Paso at 7:40, and getting off the air-conditioned train was like stepping into a hot oven because the temperature was 104° and we are Oregonians.

Immediately we left to tour Jaurez, Mexico, and see interesting churches, jails. We even visited a Mexican night club, and it was some place.

Got to the hotel at 11 and all tumbled into bed but not to sleep, because it was so hot.

June 10.

Today we made a 300-mile tour to visit Carlsbad Caverns and they were really wonderful. The only part we didn't enjoy was the 300-mile bus ride over deserts of Texas and New Mexico.

At 8:30 we started on another lap of the journey, headed east over Texas. We wrote some letters and went to bed--me nursing a sore throat--tired but happy, feeling we had seen two worth-while, magnificent spectacles. One, made by man in a few years (San Francisco Exposition) and one nature has spent millions and millions of years in forming.

June 11.

Again we passed through another time belt, and into more heat. Spent the whole day on the train traveling through Texas. Big State, that Texas!

June 12.

Arrived in New Orleans in the morning and spent the day sightseeing. We toured the modern city as well as the old French quarter. We saw Antoine's Inn, the Old French Market, a New Orleans coffee-drinking place, and many things of interest to us westerners.

My diary pages are getting shorter, and we all are getting tired and feel dirty and mussed. Only one more day and we'll be in Washington. Oh, boy!

June 13.

Let's skip this day, because 13 always was my unlucky number.

(*

June 14.

But this is our <u>lucky</u> day because we arrived in the city beautiful of the U. S. A. at 7:30 and immediately went to camp. It was in the evening that the first get-together meeting was held which really was the official opening of the Thirteenth National 4-H Club Camp at Washington. And after months of hoping, weeks of waiting, and months of planning here we are, actually in Washington, D. C.

Helen-Margaret Michael,
Oregon.

GETTING SETTLED IN CAMP

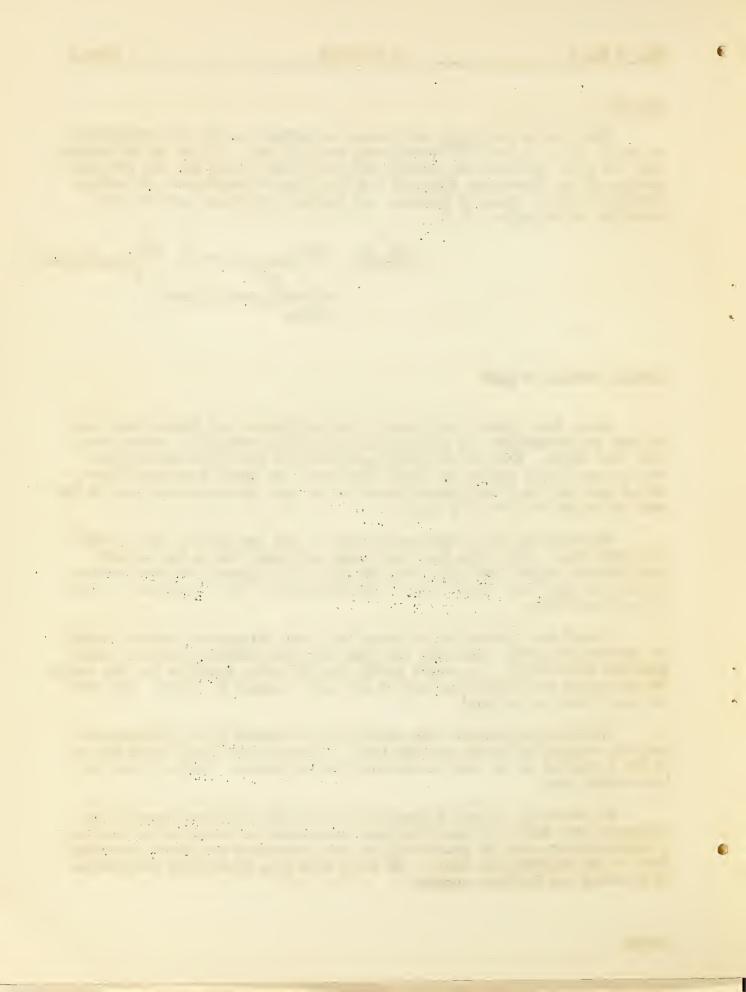
East, West, North, and South - from 43 States, and Puerto Rico came to camp representative 4-H Club members from early Wednesday morning until late that night. When our delegation arrived the boys were carrying the bags to the girls' tents, but "Dad" Sims said, "No man's land down there boys." And just as I had bravely picked up my bag, we discovered that he was only joking in the true 4-H spirit.

The next job after registration was to get our dresses hung up and our bunks made. The girls from Iowa share our tent, but we had to wait until almost supper time until they arrived. The biggest problem I've had to face yet has been, WHERE SHALL I PUT EVERYTHING? But then that's a big part of camp life.

I hold the distinction of being the first delegate in camp to report to the hospital tent. But with the soda that Mrs. Schwartz gave me I have improved wonderfully. It sounds pretty bad for North Carolina but the second one to report as "ailing" was one of our boys - Luther P. Canup. Two from the same State in one day!

Thrilling experience was having the Associated Press photographer snap our delegation in the writing tent. He ruined six light bulbs trying to get a picture of us with the cowboy from New Mexico. Maybe it was the huge cowboy hat.

Of course it is very interesting to note the different accents the delegates use, and we North Carolinians are almost at the point of starting a pronunciation class as practically no one pronounces our State correctly. Send in for reservations early. We shall also give first-hand information on teaching the Southern accent.



After a day here I think everyone is pretty well located. But didn't those little name cards help a lot?

Virginia Egerton,
North Carolina.

AS YOU MAKE YOUR BED

So Shall You Sleep at Camp

Upon arriving at camp, we went directly to our tents, to find out sleeping quarters. I heard one fellow remark, "Well I think I'll just put my sheet over now. It seems to be awfully warm." But it's a different story when Mr. Max Culp, the 1939 Payne fellow from North Carolina, and his assistant Walter Thompson, delegate from North Carolina, come along and give us a lesson on how we should really make our beds.

You see, first of all we should take everything off the bed and lay it on the nice green velvet carpet. Next we are supposed to short sheet our own bed - make two out of one - so as to have two bed sheets, one to lie on and one to lay over us. Final instructions were to lay the one and only sheet double - the full length of the cot - with the folded part towards us when we were ready to jump into bed. If anyone has any trouble, please report to me.

Now to go on. Mr. Culp wants us to put one army blanket over us also. You have noticed by this time that the cots are much too short and the blankets and sheets are much too long -- socooco - just gently lift up the mattress at the foot of the bed and kindly tuck under the loose ends. And that isn't all. "An extra blanket neatly folded up at the foot of the bed will come in handy before morning," continued Mr. Culp.

The aforesaid gentleman interested only in using the sheet found this out - for during the night we heard him calling for an extra blanket. His covering during the night got wet - and he wasn't at all interested in "wet-blankets."

Getting back to the rest of the bed making (continuing from where we folded the blankets under the foot of the mattress), tuck in the four corners of the blankets under the cot so as to make it look neater; and even though Mr. Culp tucked in only one side of the blankets, I would suggest that you carefully fold both sides under to make a perfect job of a camper's bed. It all adds to the appearance of your tent,

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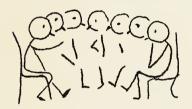
I asked Tent Number 9 of the girls' department if they had any trouble in practicing what the demonstrator preached. "Oh no, we already had our beds made up before we even had instructions and we had them JUST EXACTLY as Mr. Culp showed us." Well I said, "Please trot right back to your tent and tuck the left hand side of the bed in also, for it adds to the appearance of your cot."

However, let me say, "Thanks a lot for the helpful hints on bed-making while at National camp."

Stanley A. Huber,

Stanley a. Huber

Wisconsin.



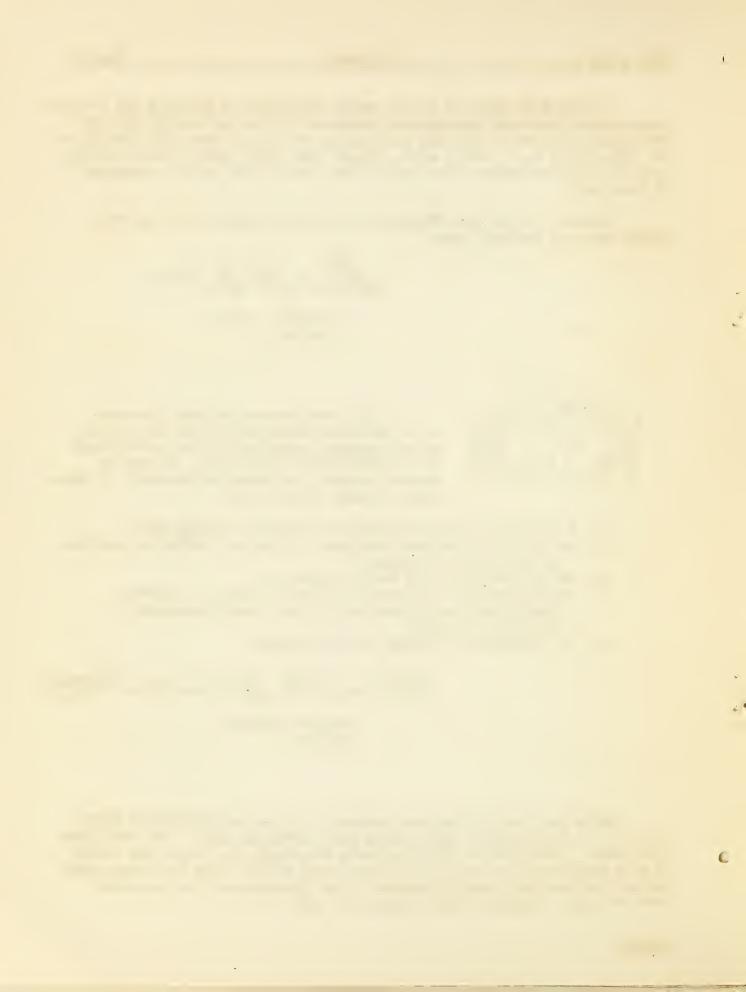
In a very interesting way, Director C. W. Warburton spoke to us Thursday morning at our opening conference on the significance of our DELEGATES' CONFERENCES. He gave us several reasons for coming to National 4-H Camp. Some of these reasons were:

- 1. A reward for the outstanding club members of each State.
- 2. An opportunity to take back some helpful and useful information to the local 4-H members.
- 3. An opportunity to get better acquainted.
- 4. Taking part in the discussions helps a person to express himself more easily and in this way become accustomed to speaking in public.
- 5. The experience it gives the 4-H delegate.

Kenneth Bramlett,
Kenneth Bramlett,

Georgia.

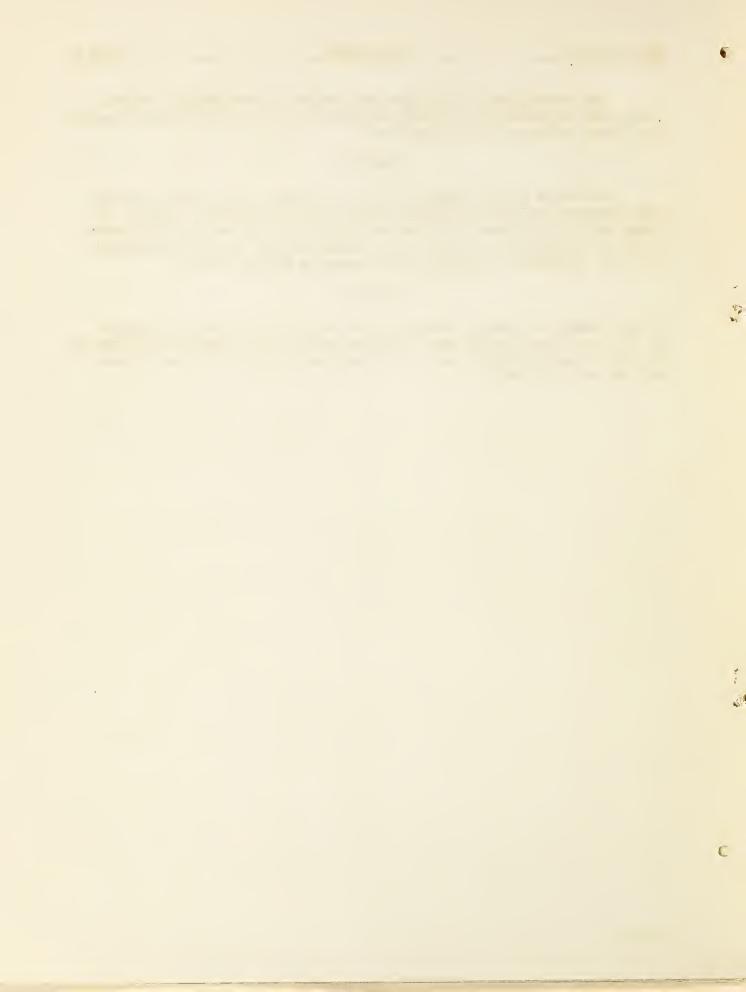
Bring your pencils and your sharpest wits to the PROGRESSIVE PARTY in the U. S. Department of Agriculture patio Saturday night. It looks like a big time. Vera Wheelen, Miss Gardner's secretary, has drawn tour charts on your tally cards, so you'll know just where to go. This is a party with action, for you move every 10 minutes. Miss Wheelen has also decorated your nut cups. How about three cheers for her?



The entertainment committee has thought of everything. They've even prepared mimeographed sheets telling about it so that you can repeat this party back home - its that good.

And while we're cheering, lets not forget a lusty hurrah for the camp accompanists, Miss Elizabeth Patete of the Secretary's office, who plays for the delegates' conferences, and Mr. Victor Neal, of the Bureau of Plant Industry, who plays for the assemblies and also will accompany the U. S. Department of Agriculture chorus on Sunday evening

Stuart Denman and Marion Manning of Mississippi are taking full charge of the song sheets during camp. Please return these pamphlets to them at the end of each assembly, and at the last camp meetin' the song sheets will be yours to keep.





FRIDAY, June 16.

Arline A. E. Monson, Minnesota The White House.

Betty Sweetland, New York - Clothing Exhibit.

Dwight Brassfield, Missouri -Ball Game at Griffith Stadium.

Josephine Burke, Rhode Island - Secretary Wallace's talk.

Nona M. Plattner, South Dakota, Being Photographed on The White House Lawn.

Harold Stevens, Nebraska, Reuben Brigham's talk - We Go Forward.

Joe B. Henderson, Arkansas -Library of Congress.

William H. Newton, Connecticut -Report on General Discussion, Delegates' Conference.

SATURDAY, JUNE 17.

Betty J. Graham, Washington - Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Program.

Austin L. Moody, Jr., New Jersey - An Interview With a Big-Town Reporter

Shirley Reid, Colorado - Corcoran Gallery of Art.

De Armen Henrig, New Morrison, Pan American Union

De Arman Harris, New Mexico - Pan American Union.

Mable Cramer, Montana - Farm Youth in the World of Tomorrow - Eugene Merritt. Stuart Denman, Mississippi - Lincoln Memorial.

Katie M. Hood, Louisiana - Progressive Party, U. S. Department of Agriculture Patio.

SUNDAY, JUNE 18.

James D. Perry, Tennessee - Tour Through Rock Creek Park.

Dorcus C. Stone, Florida - Going to Church in Washington.

Martha Wreath, Kansas - A Nation's Tribute, Arlington National Cemetery.

Willis K. Crawford, Kentucky - Arlington Experimental Farm.

Jessie Guard, Maryland - Vesper Service at National Camp.

Robert C. Heisler, Michigan - Impressions of a 4-H Camper in Washington.

Mary A. Allen, New Hampshire - Tour Through Rock Creek Park.

Dorothy Boring, Pennsylvania - The Inquiring Reporter.

Kathryn A. Vulgamore, Ohio - Interviewing Mrs. Hartley - Nurse in 11 Camps.

Maudine Plew, Oklahoma - Covering the Bulletin Boards.

Azalia Hammond, North Dakota - The 4-H Book Nook at Camp. Charles Y. F. Hoyt, Jr., Kansas - The Smithsonian Institution.

